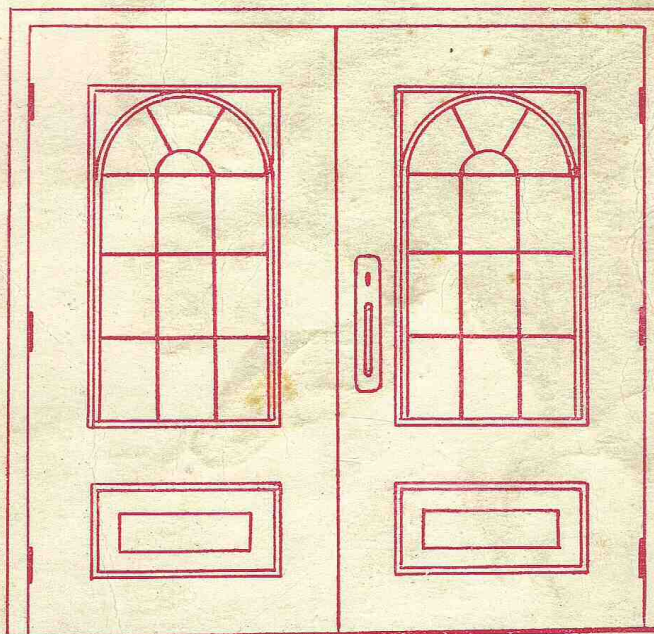
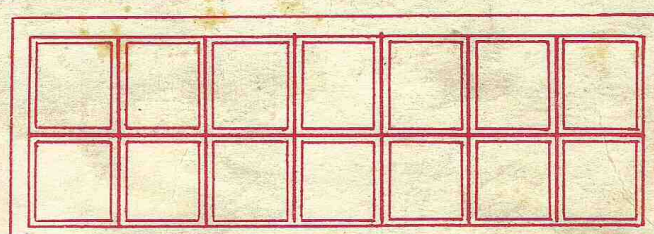


*Dora Z. Arvey*

# THE MONITOR



Vol. 2

1929

## WESTON MEMORIAL SCHOOL



# C·C·M·SKATES



## SKATE FOR THE SHEER JOY OF IT

THERE'S magic in the skating stroke — exhilaration in the feel of those narrow steel blades skimming over the glassy ice, the wind on the cheeks, and the glow of warm blood pulsing through the veins. No wonder skaters feel gay, light-hearted, full of pep. They just can't help it. Skating makes them feel that way. It's the King of winter sports.

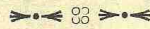
And C. C. M. Skates — made of specially heat-treated and tempered steel — are the King of skates. Sizes to fit everybody.

Choose your new skates from the C.C.M. line of pleasure, figure, speed and hockey models. \$1.00 to \$15.00.



## WESTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

## A BOOK



"Now"—said a good book unto me —  
"Open my pages and you shall see  
Jewels of wisdom and treasures fine,  
Gold and silver in every line.  
And you may claim them if you but will  
Open my pages and take your fill.

"Open my pages and run them o'er,  
Take what you choose from my golden store.  
Be you greedy, I shall not care—  
All that you seize I shall gladly share,  
There is never a lock on my treasure doors,  
Come—here are my jewels, make them yours!

"I am just a book on your mantle shelf  
But I can be a part of your living self;  
If only you'll travel my pages thru  
Then I will travel the world with you.  
As two wines blended make better wine,  
Blend your mind with these truths of mine.

"I'll make you fitter to talk with men,  
I'll touch with silver the lines you pen,  
I'll lead you nearer the truth you seek,  
I'll strengthen you when your faith grows weak—  
Come—take me, know me, love me well,  
Let me come into your mind to dwell!"

*Courtesy of Edgar A. Guest.*

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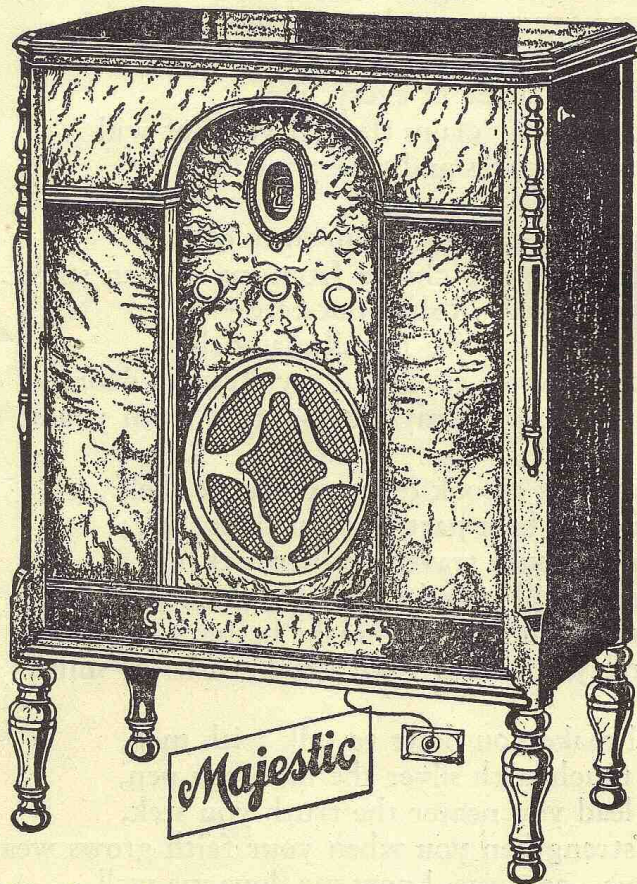


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## Advisory

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## OUR SCHOOL

Memorial School will leave a lasting imprint on my memory—one of love and gratitude. It will remind me of the examinations undreaded because of the excellent explanations given of misunderstood matters during the term. It is the name I shall remember as the one which brought to me a happy friendship with my fellow scholars as I was getting the foundation of my education.

—MORA SKELTON.

## SCHOOL SPIRIT

What is the meaning of school spirit? Let us stop and consider. To me it is a patriotic and almost sacred feeling which permeates a school in its growing youth.

No school can rise above a certain level and yet school spirit cannot be systematically gone after and procured. It can only come when a school is rich in tradition, high in standards and perhaps famous for its own specialty. Such occurrences come to our minds when we think of the long-established English schools for boys.

A school which is, comparatively speaking, in its youth, cannot possess this spirit, but its students can establish high standards whether in the examination room or on the sport's field.

When attained it is a beautiful one, which shall never be forgotten when you leave behind you the halls of learning, then, as you look into your future, you will be thankful for a real school spirit.

—MARGARET DUTHIE.

## SCHOOL HISTORY OF WESTON

Weston, perhaps, is unique among the towns of Ontario in respect of the many schools, which have from time to time been in operation here. While we are justly proud, as citizens of Weston, of the fine educational institutions which we have within the town in this present day, it is indeed interesting to look backward over the years and view the effort made by the early educators, both public and private, to provide for the boys and girls of the other days, the means of securing an education.



# Weston High and Vocational School

The only Composite School in the County  
of York.

Combining a High School of high efficiency,  
where capable and energetic teachers fit pupils  
for Matriculation and the professions

and a

## VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

Where training is given in Mechanical Drawing, Practical Electricity, Wood Working, including Cabinet Making, Pattern Making, and Carpentry. Machine Shop practice, including work on Lathes, Milling Machine, etc. Household Science where classes are held in Cookery, Home Nursing, Dress Making, Millinery and Decorative Art.

Commercial classes give thorough training for business life.

## SPECIAL COMMERCIAL CLASSES

This gives a one-year course to those who have spent at least two years in a High School.

## WHY GO TO BUSINESS COLLEGE

When you can get a better course without paying school fees and can also share in the advantages of a gymnasium, sports and other school activities which are not found in the Business College?





Monitor Staff

Weston, as many of our readers probably know, began as a mill village on the flats west of the Humber River, just south of Humber St., but so far as the writer is able to learn, there was no school established in this little village. There was a boys' school started by the parish clerk of St. Phillips, west of the river, near where the Club House now stands. This boys' school afterwards was moved east of the Humber and was conducted at the old Rectory on Rectory Rd., still later it was moved to the north west corner of Rosemount Ave. and King St., and was known as Trinity College School for Boys. This school was later removed to Port Hope, Ontario.

The first primary or common school established in Weston, was in a frame building on the west side of Main St., just north of Mr. Levi Coulter's residence, and was known as Mrs. MacAllister's school. Mr. Paul, a notary and Clerk of the Division Court, was a teacher in this first school, and

later conducted a school at his home, which was on the corner of Rectory Rd. and Main St.

The second common school was the brick building on the east side of Main St., midway between Coulter Ave. and Rectory Rd. which bears over its door the legend "Pro Bono Publico," or "For the Public Good." This was a two roomed school and we are told that the attendance often reached over one hundred and fifty pupils.

Among the teachers who guided the destinies of the youth in this old school, we hear the names of Mr. Bolivant, Mr. Bulmer, Mr. Irvin, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Watson, Mr. Hand, and Mr. Wismer. Among the lady assistants in this school, one at least, of our present citizens gave service: Mrs. G. M. Lyon, while the late Miss Carrie Bull was also one of the early teachers.

About the year 1897, the present King St. School was started with four rooms. Additions have been made from time to time until



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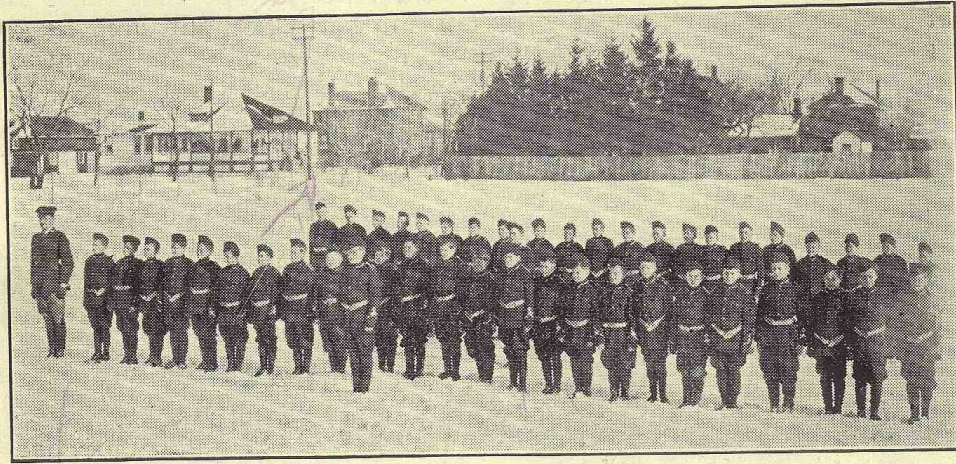
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Name ..... Address ..... Age .....

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Memorial Cadet Corps

this school is now served by thirteen teachers and is filled to capacity.

Memorial School was built in 1919 and opened as a six room school with two spare rooms, which were soon required. To-day this school is operating ten classes, having a temporary classroom in the basement and two half-day classes using the one room.

Weston High School was organized as a Grammar School in the basement of the old Methodist church, continuing there for a year, when it was removed to a building on the present site of the Public Library. The same year, 1858, a new school on King St. was erected and continued as Weston High School until destroyed by fire in 1874. A new building was erected in the same year and this building served until the first section of our present High School was erected in 1912. A vocational School was later added to this and also eight more rooms in the academic section, so that to-day Weston can boast of a splendid, well-equipped High and Vocational School, with an enrollment of about six hundred and seventy-five.

The Weston Separate School had its beginning some sixty years

or more ago in the vestry of St. John's Catholic Church, with a Miss Redden as the first teacher. Some time later the one-roomed brick school was built on the site of the present school, and this building still stands as a part of the larger building.

Numerous private schools have from time to time, been operated in Weston. One, conducted by Miss Tyrell, daughter of the first reeve, was located on King St., immediately east of Mayor Coulter's residence. Another private school was conducted by a Mrs. Watson, at Main and Church Sts. St. Albans School for Boys was conducted for a time in what is known as The Old Homestead, on the corner of King St. and Rosemount Ave.

Weston has been and still is one of Ontario's greatest educational centres.

—ELVA MERTENS.

—o—

### FRIENDS

What would your life be like if you had never gone to school? Oh! do you not see how much Memorial has done for you? Never at home can you meet so many charming friends day after day, Oh! how good it feels to laugh with them, talk with them and help each other with the daily school tasks which



prepare one for the coming day when we, too, must step out into the great world.

It is nine o'clock. We have just settled down with that happy sensation of once more being together to begin the tasks of another new day. And as we try to play the game here day by day, let us hope that the foundations of character laid here and the pleasant associations made may help us to carry the torch through life and hand it on to those who take our place.

—DORIS GROSSKURTH.

#### THE PENNY BANK

The banking system in Memorial School is very well established and the pupils bank regularly every Tuesday. In the year 1926 the per cent was raised from fifty to seventy and by 1928 it had reached one hundred. This has made our pupils even more interested and thrifty as they have been running a close race with other schools for the Provincial Banner.

#### THE ATHLETIC BANQUET

In honour of our winning the championship of 1928 in Lacrosse, a banquet was held for the team. There were others present who were the winners of the tennis and baseball leagues. Our captain, Harry Hoover, made a fine speech which was greatly applauded.

Mr. Loose, the secretary, made a speech telling us that he was glad that we won the championship and wished us luck for the following year of 1929. As one of the members, I hope we win as I would like to own three medals and see the cup, which we have won twice, remain in our school.

—JACK SLAWSON.

We, the students of Memorial School, heartily thank the merchants of Weston for helping us with our magazine by advertising.

We certainly hope that these Ads in our magazine will help to give the merchants a better business.

Read them—in our magazine.

Buy—in our own home town.

#### THE CADET CORPS

The Brock Cadet Corps of Memorial School has greatly surpassed that of the previous year. Last May, Captain Edwards inspected the corps and said that we did well for our first year.

As we have received uniforms and have been granted permission to use the High School rifle range, there will be great competition between the two platoons. No. 1 Platoon is commanded by Ted Poole and No. 2 by Edgar Rowland.

#### OUR ATTENDANCE SHIELD

At the beginning of the fall term for 1928 Mr. Lowens, our principal, secured an attendance shield for the school. The object of this shield was to promote more regular attendance and as there are nine rooms the competition is naturally very keen.

Miss Ross had the honour of hanging the shield in her room for the month of October; her class having the least number of absentees. Next came Miss Fraser's class and now for the month of December Mr. Lowens class ranks first. Each winning class holds the shield for the month following the one in which they are successful.

We should all put our best foot forward and try to win out. We cannot all succeed and hold the shield at the same time, but we can do our part to keep up the good name of our school, of which we are justly proud.

Let it be confessed

We have done our best,

A giant can do no more.

—BERNICE JERMYN.





High School Entrance Class

## THE SR. IV. MASQUERADE

On Tuesday, November 30, 1928 from 7.30 till 9.30 Memorial halls and the Sr. IV classroom were indeed a festive playground for its merry sons and daughters who came decked in every imaginable colour to revel in the delight of our night's enjoyment.

The guests were shown up to the Cloak-room to remove their light wraps and then into the midst of festivity where there were to be seen old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen, witches, funny farm boys, clowns, pirates, coloured gentlemen and many more who all helped to make the masquerade the jolly event that it was.

The teachers were called upon to judge the many costumes. The girl's prize for the best costume was awarded to Norma Young, a gentleman of the 17th century, the boy's prize was awarded to Jack MacGregor who made a very impressive pirate in his bright array.

For entertainment many games were played, such as guessing the names of prominent Toronto

buildings from picture postcards, a baby contest which consisted of pictures of all the respective pupils in their early childhood.

At nine-fifteen delightful refreshments were served, sandwiches, cakes and cocoa made up the menu with candies and nuts served as an extra.

Everybody enjoyed the party and it is hoped that it will be an annual affair, and that the coming classes may enjoy a similar one.

—GRACE IRVIN.

## OUR HEALTH POSTERS

There was keen competition among all the thirty-four pupils of Mr. Lowen's Class for the prize to be given for the most attractive poster pertaining to health. After the judging of the posters the fortunate pupil was announced as Jean Brigham.

## THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross of the Jr. III Class is called "The Safety First Club." It commenced after the summer vacation of last year.



All the pupils of the class are members of the Club, and those chosen to carry out the work of the Club are:—President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Magazine Manager, as well as a Social Committee of two boys and two girls.

The meetings are held on Friday afternoons, when various members take part. Sometimes there are readings and talks on various subjects. At other times our teacher, Miss Fraser, gives simple lessons on "First Aid to the Sick and Injured," such as—Bandaging, Cleansing of cuts and wounds, and Reviving a person who has fainted.

The youthful members are encouraged to demonstrate before the Class, after these lessons have been given.

The initial fee for the whole class to become a part of the "Junior Red Cross Society" is one dollar per year. This is subscribed by the members, who also bring small amounts at any time they feel inclined. This money is dropped into the Red Cross jar, and at the end of the year forwarded to Headquarters in Toronto,—there being used to aid the crippled children.

There is a magazine dealing with Red Cross Work, printed every month,—five cents per copy, or fifty cents per year. This magazine is taken by several of the Members, who enjoy reading it very much. The Members are keenly interested in the "Red Cross" work, and hope, as the year progresses, to learn many useful lessons which will help them in later life.

VIVIAN TREMAIN.  
President.

#### JR. IV. CREED

I believe in the daily use of soap, water, and also of the tooth brush.

I believe that fresh air, exercise,

and sleep are good for us and that homework is one of our best medicines.

I believe in seeing the bright side, even of the Grammar period, and in doing my best to help others see the brightness.

I believe in having and in keeping up a good school spirit.

I believe in having a good pen so that I can do neat, perfect work at all times.

I believe in coming to school regularly, and on time, to get the benefit of a good education.

I believe in carefullness of speech—at home, at school, at play.

I believe in lending a hand to a needy friend.

Etiquette is saying "No, thank you," when you mean "Gimme."

What you find in Jr. IV. by Doris.

Browning  
Grosskurth  
HeAley  
Colwill  
BuNn  
BallantYne  
Black  
RobbIns  
SneyD  
Smart.

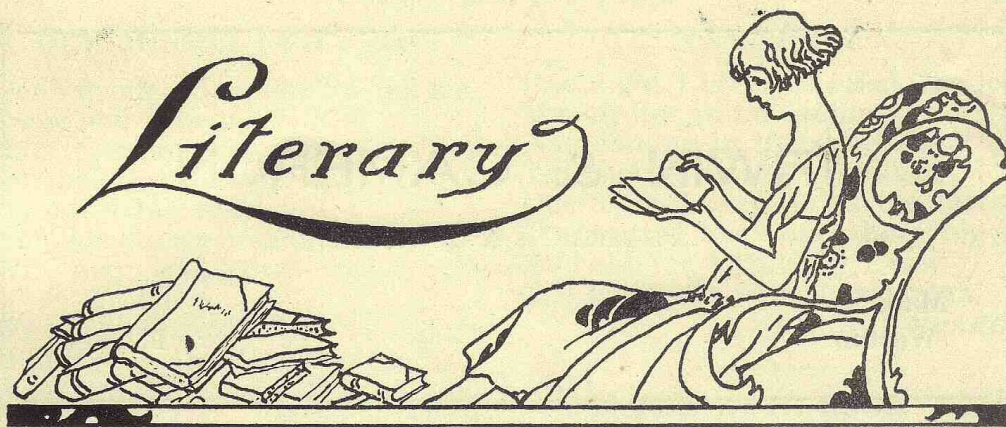
Wanted—Some good, original excuses for not having homework done. Please communicate with Doris Grosskurth.

Lost—A strap—Apply Jr. IV. at Memorial School.

Lost—A Speller, Arithmetic and Reader, Finder please keep the latter but return the others to Grant.

Lost—Yesterday, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered. Gone forever.





## With Our Poets

### MEMORIAL SCHOOL

Memorial School, we promise thee  
To do our work as best can be,  
When we are grown and take our  
place,  
Hard work will be for us to face.  
Teach us to read and write and  
spell,  
At nine o'clock to hear the bell,  
To be polite to teachers all  
And march our best in the upper  
hall.  
Memorial School, the best we  
know,  
For you our hearts will always  
glow;  
When we are old and poor and  
gray  
We'll remember the place where  
we went each day.

—DORIS GROSSKURTH.

—o—

### DUSK IN THE GARDEN

I love the dear old garden  
When in the dusky light,  
The flowers close their petals  
As if they said, "Good-night,"  
Though all the west's a glimmer  
With red and golden light.  
The music in the garden  
Amid the shadows gray,  
The tiny babbling streamlet  
Goes singing on its way,  
The silver fountain tinkles  
To bid farewell to-day.

—ELSIE GERRARD.

### A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS

#### I—THE SEEN

To-day when I was coming home  
Good thoughts did fill my head;  
I was going to get my homework  
done

Before I went to bed.

But just right then I changed my  
mind

On homework I wasn't keen  
To leave it all, not do a bit,  
Was certainly foreseen.

#### II—THE UNFORESEEN

The teacher asked for homework,  
And mine—it wasn't done.  
I was the most wretched fellow  
That dwelt beneath the sun.

The teacher's very, very cross.  
O dear! what shall I do?

I'm sure I blushed from head to  
foot

And trembled badly too.

The teacher bellowed something  
Like thunder from the sky—  
"Down to the office—don't come  
back

Till I know the reason why?"

I'm sure my face, as I stood there,  
Turned white as it ever had  
been;

For this, if anything ever was,  
Was certainly unforeseen.

—MORA SKELTON.



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## OUR JUNIOR RED CROSS

Don't drink coffee; don't drink tea;  
 Come and Join the J. R. C.  
 Our teeth are brushed  
 Our hands are clean  
 We all drink milk  
 And sometimes cream.  
 We play 'outdoors, enjoy the  
 breeze.  
 We use our hanky when we sneeze.  
 Hippety—ree! Hippety—ree!  
 Come on! Join the J. R. C.

—RUBY BUTLER.

—o—

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY THAT  
USED TO BE

Pa often tells me of a little boy  
 that used to be;  
 He says he never left his sled by  
 some doorway,  
 Or he did not try to tease the girls  
 to see  
 Them whine and cry while he  
 went off to play.  
 He did not like to see the dog with  
 cans tied on its tail.  
 He was always good in school and  
 never known to fail.  
 If he could not do his homework  
 he never said, "Oh, Blaa!"  
 And that good boy married Ma and  
 to-day he is my Pa.

—G.G.

—o—

## LATE, LATE, LATE

Late, late, late,  
 On a cold gray day, O my!  
 And I would that my tongue could  
 relate  
 The acutal reason why.

When I'm asked if my work is  
 done  
 And I tell the truth that it's not,  
 Why, now I'm cut out of my fun  
 For the work that I haven't got.

Late, late, late,  
 I expect to remember now,  
 The words that the teacher said,  
 And the way the strap felt, Ow!

—DORIS GROSSKURTH.

## THE MOON

One night I crept to break the ice  
 My birdies water chilling;  
 And shining in the sky I saw  
 The moon—a silver shilling.  
 One night I crept to save a moth,  
 'Twas near the candle hovering;  
 And shining in the sky I saw  
 The moon—a golden sovereign.

—ELSIE GERRARD.

—o—

## THE LATE BOOK

(With apologies)

Sunrise and break of day  
 And one clear call for me,  
 And may there be no wonder or  
 dismay  
 If breakfast waits for me.  
 For, in spite of all alarms to break  
 my sleep,  
 (Too fast and much too late)  
 I still dream on in slumber sweet  
 and deep  
 Till after eight.  
 Breakfast, and breakfast call,  
 And after that to dress,  
 And so my clothes are always on  
 pell-mell  
 I must confess.  
 And then at home we take a last  
 look  
 Oh! Memorial School seems far;  
 We think of our names in the Late  
 Book  
 And wonder how many more there  
 are.

Any of the Forty in Jr. IV

—o—

## LIFE'S PATH

Throughout life's path as on you  
 go,  
 Oh! may there be entwined  
 God's sunshine light you from  
 above,  
 And your clouds prove silver  
 lined.  
 And what're upon life's way you  
 meet,  
 Smooth be the road beneath your  
 feet;  
 Friendships' roses bloom where  
 you tread  
 With blue skies always overhead.

—ELSIE GERRARD.



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### MY WISH

I wish I was a brownie  
Dancing in among the trees,  
With nobody to watch me  
Playing in the breeze.  
Up in the sky I'd play  
With the bright stars at night.  
Oh! I wish I was a brownie  
With not a care in sight.

I wish I was a brownie  
So care free and so light,  
I'd dance and sing and laugh and  
prance  
Through all the night  
But when it turns to daylight  
I should be out of sight.  
Oh! I wish I was a brownie  
With not a care in sight.

—MARION ROY.

—o—

### ALL BLUE

When August comes with its faint  
blue haze,  
Far down the cape I long to be—  
A wide dome arching above the  
bays  
And white sails mirrored in azure  
sea;  
A tide that ebbs with the western  
sun,  
To carry me out where the blue  
fish run.

I'd choose a cottage with shades of  
blue  
And wide old boards for its kitchen  
floor,  
And hand-wrought shingles a bit  
askew,  
And larkspur growing about its  
door.  
A gate-leg table and four-post beds,  
Of maples, the browns that are  
almost reds.

—MARGARET FORTUNE.

—o—

### THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

1. A three-ton lens took three  
years to be made. Years ago  
Germany possessed the monopoly  
of the manufacture of optical  
glass. Now United States have  
made this three-ton lens which  
took nine months to cool.

2. Nearer and nearer toward  
completion comes the huge flying  
cruiser R.-100, which the British  
Government is building to fly the  
Atlantic from London to New York  
in forty-eight hours.

It is to be 709 feet long and 130  
feet high, and will carry one hun-  
dred passengers and a crew of  
thirty-five. She will also carry  
ten tons of mail or freight. It will  
have a total of forty-two hundred  
horse-power.

3. What is believed to be the  
largest and most powerful electric  
bulb ever constructed has just been  
tested at the General Electric Com-  
pany in Cleveland. The power  
consumed by the bulb is 50,000  
watts. The bulb is three feet  
high and is capable of showing  
moonlight over a great area. It  
is to be used in airport lighting.

4. The glider that broke the  
American record.

The record-breaking glider  
"Darmstadt" a short time ago  
broke unofficial American records  
for remaining aloft for four hours  
and five minutes on a continuous  
soaring flight. It went high into  
the air and covered a distance of  
one hundred and twenty miles. It  
was catapulted into the air by a  
large rubber sling-shot.

—GRANT GROSSKURTH.

—o—

### TWINKLE EYES

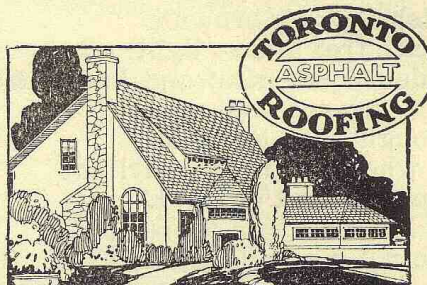
Baby Rosa was sitting on her  
mat in the back yard enjoying the  
sun very much. Her little sum-  
mer home was just out side her  
father's vast forest which Rosa  
could see very plainly. Up walked  
a brownish dog. Oh! here was a  
playmate.

It was a wolf which had walked  
out of the forest. It picked up  
baby and started for the forest. It  
reached the forest without being  
seen and carried her far into the  
depth of it. As soon as it set Rosa  
down she threw up her arms and  
gurgled with laughter. The wolf  
really intended to eat the child.



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But how could he? She was happy now. What could have made baby laugh out there in the dark woods? Why nothing except the fairies and they had. The wolf had carried her over the fairy-ring. Her eyes twinkled as they looked at the fairies. They said they would keep her if the Fairy Queen consented. At once some one started off for the Queen. She said they could and they took her down to their village. She had a pretty little room that had a bed with rose-leaved quilts on it and a table with the cloth of rose leaves. The fairies decided to call her Twinkle Eyes, because her eyes twinkled when she first saw them. Pretty soon her clothes began to wear out and they had nothing big enough to make her any more. So the Queen held a council and it was decided her clothes were to be made of spider-webs. The fairy messenger went all over the forest for spider-webs to make Twinkle Eyes some clothes.

It was very nice dancing with the fairies at night as they always do. But one night Twinkle Eyes fell backwards right out of the fairy ring. She was lost. She could see them no more. But who was that tall man who hurried towards her with outstretched arms. It was father who had been searching the woods thinking she had been eaten by some wild animal.

SR. III.—GRACE GRAHAM

#### SENIOR FOURTH PICNIC

One day the class were to have a picnic. It was to be held at Pelmo Park. We met at the school and rode down in the (Glassford),

On the way we met with very bad "Miss (Fortune)" for we splashed into the (Poole) ran over a (Young) (Partridge) and the screws came (Loose) that were (Holden) the car together, so we had to take it to (Johnson's) garage.

When we got to Pelmo Park we were quite surprised to find that

the (Cook) had the lunch ready.

(Grace) said, after lunch was over, "Let's go and (Hunt) some (Newberrys)". They were (Black. More) than we could carry home were gathered.

The people (Living) around there were quite pleased to see such a (Mary) crowd.

In the way home the car broke down again and we went (Rolling) out, but we arrived home feeling happy after our picnic.

—IRENE LOOSE.

#### THE ROYAL CAPTIVE

The lion paced back and forth in his cage. He was hungry. He had been used to stalking his food in the jungle, but, now—now he was forced to wait till his keeper was inclined to bring him his piece of dead meat, which he despised.

He used to stalk his prey in the jungle and, if he failed, to wait at the drinking pool for the animals who went there to drink before retiring.

How could such a crafty beast be caught by a black? A hole had been dug, deep and square, covered first with twigs, then earth, grass, leaves and other vegetation. The device was cunningly placed, inasmuch that none but the most practiced could see that there had been any disturbance.

The lion had gone to the pool and fallen into the trap. Now he, king of the forest, was forced to wait for his food from man.

He gave a shout—a roar. His spectators drew off. The pride of a king was not lost in him.

—MORA SKELTON.

#### PAULINE JOHNSON

Pauline Johnson was born on her father's Indian Reserve on the Grand River about twelve miles south of Brantford. Her mother was English and her father the Head Chief of the Six Nation Indians.



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When she was yet small she had a great love for poetry and when anyone wanted to give her a present she would say, "Verses, please," She had not much schooling, but went two years to an Indian school and three years at the Central School at Brantford.

She became a great reader, especially of poetry. She read all of Scott's and Longfellow's poems before she was twelve.

In 1892 the opportunity of a life time came to her when Frank Yeigh, the President of the Young Liberals conceived the idea of having an evening of Canadian Literature at which, among the authors present, was Pauline Johnson who contributed one of her compositions entitled "A Cry from an Indian Wife." When she recited without text this much discussed poem, which shows the Indian side of the North-West Rebellion, she was greeted with tremendous applause and was asked to give a recital of her own.

For this recital she wrote the poem by which she is best known, "The Song My Paddle Sings."

She went to London, England, with her book, *The White Wampan.* She also carried with her letters of introduction from the Earl of Aberdeen and Rev. Professor Clark of Toronto.

On her return to Canada she made her first trip to the Pacific coast giving recitals in all the cities and towns enroute. Since that she crossed the Rockies nineteen times.

After this she took one more tour of Canada and then settled down in the city of her choice, Vancouver, British Columbia.

After an illness of two years Miss Johnson died in Vancouver on Mar. 7, 1913. The heroic spirit in which she endured long months of suffering is expressed in the poem, "And he said, 'Fight On,'" which she wrote after she was informed by her physician that her illness would prove fatal.

GRACE IRVIN.

### THREE ENGINEERS

The soldiers in the front lines were much in need of supplies. The officer in charge sought an engine to carry these from their position away behind the lines. He went to the great Mogul engine which had just arrived from a long, heavy pull and asked if, just this once, it would do the extra work. But the engine answered, "Too tired! Too tired! Too tired!" So in vain the officer told the engine of the soldier's needs.

He went to the passenger engine which had just arrived from a long journey and asked it to do the work. But the engine answered, "I can't do it. I can't do it. I can't do it."

As a last resort he went to the little yard engine, which was only used to shunt baggage from one track to another, and told his story. The little engine answered, "I think I can. I think I can."

So the supplies were hitched to the little yard engine and he started up the grade saying, "I think I can. I—think—I can. I—think—I—can."

He reached the top and rushing triumphantly down the other side he said to himself, "I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could."

—MORA SKELTON.

—o—

### FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS. WHALE-HUNTING

At one time the idea, that the whale is a fish, was much more prevalent than it is now, though, probably to many people to-day, it is in the nature of a discovery to learn that the whale is as much an animal as the horse.

The largest whale-fisheries of the world are the British, the American, and the Norwegian. The British whalers generally work off the coasts of Greenland and Davis Strait; the American at Behring Strait. The modern whaler is usually a vessel of some five-



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hundred tons rigged as a sailing-vessel but fitted with auxiliary engines. They are firmly built and are manned by a crew of about fifty.

The harpoon-gun is now almost universally used and has taken the place of the old, heavy, hand-harpoon gun.

A whale is seldom on the surface of the water for more than a few minutes at a time and is under water from five to fifteen minutes. When under water it generally moves for miles and miles so that its pursuers can not calculate where it will re-appear and often it leaves an eddy or track on the surface like the wake of a ship.

The whale on being harpooned usually dives perpendicularly at once and at great speed, remaining under water often for an hour and drawing out an immense length of line. So swiftly do they dive that they often break an upper jaw when they strike the bottom.

—ELSIE GERRARD.

### SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Sir Wilfred Laurier was born in 1841 in the little French-Canadian village of St. Lin, a few miles north of Montreal. St. Lin is one of those quiet, peaceful little towns so typical of the province of Quebec. Away from the stir of commerce it sleeps, with its soft-foliaged maple trees, its aspiring church tower, and its plain old-fashioned buildings.

Laurier's boyhood was neither extraordinary nor thrilling. His father was a humble land surveyor who was not well off, but an excellent habitant. His mother died when he was but four years old and his father married again. Unlike most story books the step-mother loved Wilfred as well as her own children.

Laurier, as a boy, attended school in St. Lin until he was ten and then he was sent to the neighbouring village of New Glasgow

where English was spoken. This first year away from home was never to be forgotten in the mind of Laurier. He long afterwards remembered, with pride, in the escapades of his boyhood, his many fights with the sturdier lads of the village as much as his weak form would allow, and the many true friends he made during his school life.

After some years at New Glasgow, he was sent to a college north of St. Lin where he acquired a good taste for learning.

His ambition was to enter the profession of law so he went to the city of Montreal as a clerk in a law office. While there he attended the Faculty of Law at McGill University. He proved himself a scholar and his oratory won for him the greatest recognition.

On being launched as a fully-equipped barrister at Law, Laurier tried bravely to establish a practice in Montreal in partnership with an older man; but he, too, began to realize that a great city has a way of overlooking a youth, no matter how brilliant he may be, if he has no experience. Just at this time his frail health broke down and he was forced to leave the city; so three years after his graduation we find Laurier in a small town practising law and editing a weekly newspaper.

Shortly after his removal to the country he was married to Zoe Lafontaine, a music teacher. Soon he was again on the road to health through plenty of exercise and Zoe's care.

In 1871, at the age of thirty, Laurier was elected to the Provincial Legislature of Quebec. Almost immediately he became a leader of the Liberal party, but his brilliancy marked him out for Dominion politics. In 1874 when the "Pacific Scandal" gave the Liberal party its chance, he resigned his seat in the Provincial Parliament as a member for Drummond.



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Laurier was soon taken in to the Mackenzie Cabinet as Minister of Inland Revenue. He had a hard fight to keep this position but some years later he was swept into the highest position any Canadian statesman can occupy. In 1896 Laurier became Premier of Canada. He went to Britain as a delegate at the Jubilee and while there won the proud title of Sir Wilfred Laurier.

Years later, at the time of the Great War, we find Laurier, an old man with white hair, still a member of parliament at the age of seventy-six. A year later he died of paralysis and in every home the people realized what a really great man Sir Wilfred Laurier had been and all that he had done for Canada. —GRACE IRVIN

—o—

### ✓ MY TRIP TO FLORIDA

In March, 1928, Daddy, Mother, and I left for St. Petersburg. We left Toronto Saturday morning on the train and arrived in St. Petersburg Monday evening.

We were met by our friends at the depot. One thing noticeable was that every depot was divided, one side for the white people and one side for the black people. We then motored out to Gulfport where we were to visit.

In the morning we went down to the pier where we spent many happy hours fishing. I caught a Balloon fish. When it was taken off my hook it expanded to about the size of a football. We went bathing every day in the Gulf of Mexico. We also went to the playgrounds and saw many wonderful sights. We gathered shells of all kinds near the Million Dollar Pier. There was a shark caught off this pier while we were there. We were also at the Alligator farm, where we saw alligators from two weeks to five hundred years old. The caretaker took us around and told many interesting stories about the alligators.

Then we left for home by motor, crossing over the longest bridge in the world which is seven miles long linking up St. Petersburg and Tampa. Our first stop was Palm Beach. After viewing sights here and West Palm Beach we left for Daytona Beach. Here we saw speed tracks and went bathing in the Atlantic ocean. We proceeded to Jacksonville and from there to Columbia and Southern Pines through South Carolina and Georgia. There were fields of cotton and tobacco being picked by the negroes. We saw a large cotton factory where cotton is made into cloth. We saw trees tapped for turpentine and camphor. We then came to Richmond, Virginia, which is a historical city and very picturesque. Then we came along to Washington. Between these two cities the highway is marked where the battles were fought between the black and white people.

The black people were freed by Lincoln to whom his memory is very dear. In Washington we went through many main buildings among them the Library, Capitol and Whitehouse Monastery. In each of these places were guides who took us through.

We went to Mount Vernon which was Washington's home and it remains the same since his death. The Tomb has a guide who tells the history of the life of the family. From there we came home by train after a very enjoyable trip.

SR. III.—ISABEL McDONALD

—o—

### THE PIONEERS OF CANADA ✓

When men first came to Canada to make their living they had to endure many hardships. They had to be on constant watch for the Indians who roamed the forests and lakes. These men had to cut their way through the forest and clear their own property to build their cabins and barns. In



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many cases the neighbours lived from two to five miles away; and, if they awoke and found the fire out, it was necessary for one of the family to go to the home of the nearest neighbour to get some precious coals from the fire.

But these pioneers of the early days laid for us a foundation which helped make Canada what she is to-day.

—JACK SLAWSON.

—o—

No title and no coronet  
Is half so proudly worn,  
As this which we inherited  
Being Canadian born,  
We count no man so noble  
As the one who makes the brag  
That he was born in Canada  
Beneath the British flag.

—o—

#### A Pioneer Family Outwits the Indians

Near an Indian village there lived a pioneer family. There were two children, Felipe and Marion.

For three days they had seen strange people around the place where they were living. One fine day some Indians went to visit them in order to learn more and more every time they went. One day there was a whole tribe of Indians who said they had a big surprise for the people and the Indians made them turn around. They did so and what do you think it was? Why it was a rope! Then they quickly turned back and there was a big tomahawk in front of them so they were afraid to move. They knew then that they were captured. The Indians took them to their forts and there they were tied hand and foot, helpless, together on the floor.

Three weeks passed by. A big feast was to be held and all the Indians were invited.

At last the feast time came. The chief gave them a lecture saying that they could have nothing

to eat unless there were some scraps left over at the feast. When the chief was about to go out he dropped one key and a very sharp knife on a silver chain; nobody said anything. He did not hear it fall because it fell on a soft rug made of bear's skin. When they had been gone for about fifteen minutes Felipe scrambled over as well as he could to reach for the knife and key. They cut the straps with the knife and found the key was not the one that unlocked the door but to their great joy the chief had forgotten to lock the door. They got all they wanted to eat and went home. They, then, packed their clothes and some food to go on the long journey back to their home in England.

In the meantime the Indians came home and found the place empty. The chief said to the tribe, "I think they have outwitted us." They searched for a long time but never again came face to face.

—SR. III. MARY BARKER.

—o—

#### HONESTY

Honesty is a great thing in our lives because the honest man will be the man who is looked up to in the world. He will have great responsibilities and may be tempted often but when he listens to the voice of conscience he will not go astray.

—MARY BAGNELL.

"It is not what he has, nor yet what he does, but what he is."

—AMIEL.

—o—

#### BROCK

In 1769 three military heroes were born, Napoleon, Wellington and our own Brock. Brock began his military days at the age of sixteen and in a little more than seven years he was advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel of the 49th regiment, the regiment he was in when killed.



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He saw active service in Holland and was with Nelson on the Baltic and he proved himself a wise and careful commander at Copenhagen. After three years in Canada he was made a full colonel and was granted leave to go back to England to visit friends, but his stay in England was cut short. Brock grew in popularity both in Canada and in England. In 1808 he was made a Brigadier-General. He was sent to Fort George and along the frontier as an invasion was expected from United States at any time. On the 18th of June war was declared and Brock at once saw to the forts and the western frontier. The blow was not long in falling for on July 12th General Hull marched into Canada with a strong force. Brock was not the least alarmed and replied that England was ready, and hundreds of men made good his reply by joining under his banner. Hull had not the success he expected as he had not enough food for his men and so was forced to retreat back to his own country. Hull was at Detroit and Brock hoped to take the fort. He sent a message to Hull commanding him to surrender but Hull sent back a refusal. Brock sent the untried York Volunteers as a skirmish party. They did well and when Brock advanced with the main party Hull sent an officer with a flag of truce. Detroit was won and the name of Brock was on the lips of every person in Canada. A spy had entered the British camp and returned to Van Rensselaer with some important information. The United States General wanted to capture Queenston Heights and did not hesitate. On the 11th of October an attempt was made to cross the river but it failed. However, two days later, Van Rensselaer, at the head of a few brave men, made another attempt to cross and was successful. Brock was at Fort George when he heard the guns at Queenston Heights. He dashed up to the

eighteen pounder that would sweep the river, but was too late as the Americans had already crossed. An American captain with a few soldiers had gone up a goat-path and won a position one hundred and eighty feet above the river. Brock was now at the head of a large party. He rushed on and was shot in the chest while attempting to gain the heights. His soldiers shouted, "Avenge the General," and they drove the Americans over the hill. The victory was a noble one, but Canada wept over it. Brock's foes showed their respect for him by firing their guns shot for shot with the Canadians and by flying their flags at half mast.

—JACK SLAWSON.

—o—

#### TO THE CITY OF HAPPINESS.

Two youths with eager feet were pressing forward on the road that led them down into the great valley—the World—where they would find the city of Happiness. As they eagerly walked along they saw an old, bent man tottering toward them. As he approached he asked whither they were going. In one voice they answered, "To the city of Happiness." The old man then replied, "O young and inexperienced youth, know you not that I have sought this very thing the whole world over? Last night I sank down by the side of the road in a faint. As I lay there an angel's voice seemed to say to me, 'Every man's happiness lies at his own door. So here I am bound for my little mountain home once again.'"

—BETTY VATCHER.

Talk happiness every chance you get;  
And talk it good and strong,  
Look for it in the byways  
As you grimly pass along.  
Perhaps it is a stranger now,  
Whose visit, never comes;  
But talk it! Soon you'll find  
That you and happiness are chums.



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## YOUTH

Fourteen! the first real outlook on life is before us. We feel ourselves big, but, as we realize with a start how large the old world is, with its wonders, we feel small.

Away in the distance can be seen a faint light. Within its rays there is a gate,—the gate of success,—the goal of all youths. But it is a difficult road that lies between us and that gate; a road where temptations lie in our way.

Our school life helps us greatly in travelling this second mile, giving us high ideals and standards of life. Here, also, we get our education, the most important of all. The church, and our clubs help us on our way. And when we have reached our goal we will look back on the school days, longing, maybe, for those care free days again.

—TED POOLE.

## A TRIP ACROSS BRITISH COLUMBIA

On my trip across Canada I saw some very wonderful sights. We were very fortunate in seeing the Rocky Mountains for the first time on a bright sunny morning. A fellow traveller told us the mountains were usually covered with mist and it was the first time he had seen them so clearly, and he had passed that way several times.

The mountains in this part are just solid rock with sharp peaks away up in the sky. We arrived at Jasper Park in a short time. A very long totem pole of the Raven Tribe stands near the station. Jasper is one of the most wonderful places on the trip. The colouring of the small lakes is gorgeous. The drives are very interesting and the mountains tower over all. Mt. Edith Cavell is within easy motoring distance. Our party staged a snow-ball fight on the glaciers. On our way back we saw a few bears. One found some cans and apparently tried to get all that was in one. He got his head stuck,

it looked so funny to see him sit up, and try to shove the can off; he finally succeeded in doing so, but didn't profit by his lesson as he was still licking cans when we left.

The C.N.R. follows the Skeena River much of the way and in 1926—twenty-nine million dollars worth of salmon was taken out of this river. We passed through Kitwanga, an Indian village, where the train stopped and they allowed us to walk through the village and then pick us up at the other end of the place. We saw dozens of totem poles; each pole representing an Indian tribe. We saw Bulkelea Gate, a natural gate of rock, 150 feet high, and other sights, too numerous to mention.

We felt that nowhere in North America could more wonderful sights be seen than on a trip across Canada.

—ROSS RUDOLPH.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE

Mr. Lowens.—“The boy caught a sparrow,” Johnny, what case is sparrow?

Johnny.—“Objective.”

Mr. Lowens.—“Why?”

Johnny.—“Because the sparrow objected to being caught.”

Teacher.—(stressing the difference between a violet and a rose). “Now, a well-dressed lady goes walking down the street, very proudly, and speaks to nobody. That is the rose. Behind her walks a small shy creature with a bowed head——.”

Pupil.—(interrupting)—“That's her husband.”

Miss Lawrie.—“What is the opposite to misery?”

Class.—“Happiness.”

Miss Lawrie.—“What is the opposite to woe?”

Class.—“Giddap.”



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# The Jester



"Now, remember, my dears," said Mother Raccoon to her children, "you must always watch your step because you have the skin college boys love to touch."

—o—

Old man—"It's bad to be old and bent."

Young son—"It's worse to be young and broke."

—o—

Betty—"Mother, what does 'trans-atlantic' mean?"

Mother—"Why, Betty, 'trans-atlantic' always means 'across'."

Betty—"Well, then, I suppose transparent means 'a cross parent,' doesn't it?"

—o—

Little girl (to an old gentleman)—"Please, Mister, where did the hen peck you?"

Old gentleman—"Why, my dear girl, I wasn't pecked by a hen."

Little girl—"Well, I heard mother say you were terribly hen-pecked."

—o—

Teacher—"Use defence, defeat and detail in a sentence, Johnny."

Johnny—"De cat jumped de fence, de feet went first and de tail went after."

—o—

They were arguing as to whether it was correct to say of a hen—"she is sitting" or "she is setting." The old farmer said, "Oh, bother, about the sitting or setting part of it, what I want to know is whether a hen is laying or lying when I hear her cackle."

"There is not another boy in this town as clever as my Charles."

"Go on; how is that?"

"Well, look at those two chairs. My Charles made them out of his own head, and he had enough left to make an armchair."

—o—

Little Jimmie, while standing in a trolley car kept sniffing and rubbing his nose. A lady standing near him asked:

"Have you got a handkerchief, sonny?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but I don't lend it to strangers."

—o—

A canoe is like a small boy—both behave better when paddled from the rear.

—o—

Father, mother and little Tommy were in the street car. Tommy had secured seats, but poor father had to stand.

Mother: "Tommy, doesn't it pain you to see your father reaching for a strap?"

Tommy: "Only at home, mother."

—o—

Wanted—Excuse for staying away from school when there is a Rugby game on. Needed by K. Harris Sr. IV.

—o—

A smart young man walked into an insurance office and asked the office boy: "Can you insure my soul?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, "but I'll ask the manager of the fire insurance department."



Teacher on Hygiene — "Why must we always keep our houses neat and clean?"

Pupil—"Because company may walk in at any moment."

—o—

Wanted—All milk money from the pupils not later than Friday.

—o—

New Office Boy—"I've added those figures up ten times, sir."

Employer—"Good boy!"

"And here's the ten answers, sir!"—*Passing Show.*

—o—

Miss Scrace—"If you know your alphabet, what letter comes after 'A'?"

Young pupil—"All the rest of 'em."

—o—

Teacher—"What is the order of the bath?"

Little girl—"First Ma, then Pa, then us kids, and then the hired girl."

A father had been in the habit of warning his little daughter regarding her conduct during the day as he left home each morning. One morning as he left, he kissed the little girl, and said, "Now be a good little girl."

With an expectant smile she added: "And don't what?"—*Strand*

—o—

Great a runner as Lloyd Hahn is, he has yet to attain the speed of the English boy told about in *Tit-Bits*. Said a friend to the young fellow's mother, "Your boy must be an exceptionally fast runner. I see the morning paper states that he 'fairly burned up the track under his record-breaking speed.'" I suppose you saw him do it."

"No, I didn't see him do it," replied the mother, "but the report must be correct, for I saw the track this morning and there was nothing but cinders there."

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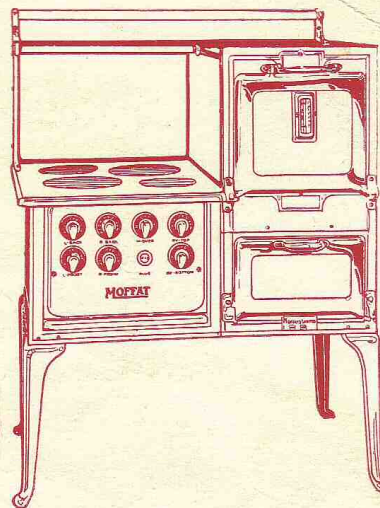
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